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HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.*The Times' Daily Short Story.***An Irish Tramp**

(Original.)

The Scotch lakes in the month of June are very pleasant touring ground. In order to have plenty of time to enjoy this interesting region I decided to spend the whole month of June in a walking trip in what is called the Trossachs. I ran across a young Englishman named Marston, who was amusing himself in much the same way as I, and we agreed to tramp together. Marston was a thorough Briton and with all a Briton's respect for rank. He was not noble himself, but professed to know many of the nobility.

We were resting one day on the banks of Loch Lomond when a typical Irishman tramped by. He wore corduroy breeches to the knee and woolen stockings, the conventional short endy pipe in his mouth, and carried a bundle along to the end of a stick over his shoulder.

"Pat," I called, "can you let me have a match?"

"Faith, I can that same," he replied, and, turning, joined us.

"You're from the Emerald Isle?" I said.

"How did you know that?" he asked. "I guessed it. Where are you bound?"

"Faith, since yer so good at guessin' ye can guess that also!"

I laughed and asked him if he would have a nip from my flask, which he accepted, and we all proceeded on our way together. Marston was evidently not much pleased with the Irishman's company, but I found amusement in his wit and would not let him leave us.

He seemed to take a great fancy to me, but regarded Marston much as Marston regarded him. However, we kept together for several days, during which Marston warned me that the fellow was preparing to "work" us in some fashion and advised our getting rid of him. Marston's prophecy was, in a measure, fulfilled by the Irishman, when alone with me, asking for a loan of £20, accompanying his request with the following highly improbable story.

"I'm next to a baronetcy," he said, "my cousin being the present possessor of the title. He is dying with consumption, and I'm not sure but he's dead by this time. I'm out of funds and tramping it. If I can get them I can reach home much earlier, and it's important that I be there before my cousin dies."

I refrained from smiling at the story, but said that if he could give me the family name I would refer the matter to Marston, who knew all about the British aristocracy. If Marston knew of the family and thought the matter to be as represented I would cheerfully make the loan.

This seemed to stagger him. He thought the matter over, then said: "Never mind. I'll foot it!"

Marston left us soon after this request, and before parting warned me not to be gulled by the Irishman, informing me that personating connec-

tions of the nobility was a common confidence game in the country, and most people knew enough of it to keep from being fleeced.

Pat and I trudged on together. He made no further move to obtain a loan, but permitted me to pay sundry expenses. Indeed, I paid for all his meals and his lodging where we stopped. I parted with him at Glasgow, I going overland to London, while he said he was going to work his way on some vessel to Dublin. He had amused me, and I thought I should pay him for doing so. I handed him a five pound note. He took the money, asking me, of course, to whom he should send it. I told him not to bother about a return, but gave him my address at my bankers in London.

"Goodby, Pat," I said. "You're too witty to remain a tramp. Come to America and go into some show business. You'd keep an audience laughing a whole evening."

"Goodby," he replied. "You've been very kind." And with that he left me. I remained in London for some time. One day I received a note which read:

The Earl of Arrasragh presents his compliments to Mr. Reginald Brewer and would be pleased to have him spend a week (Oct. 5 to 12) with him at Arrasragh castle.

Not ever having heard of the Earl of Arrasragh, I believed he had made some mistake and wrote him a polite note to that effect. By return mail I received a reply stating that, mistake or no mistake, the invitation held good, and I was requested to send my acceptance. Not unwilling to see something of foreign Irish life among the highest class, I took advantage of the situation, accepted and on the date named went to Ireland. On driving up to the castle a gentleman whom I took to be his lordship hurried to the porte cochere and received me. As we stood facing each other I put my hand up to my eyes to make sure they were seeing aright. In a gentleman's dress I saw the Irish tramp I had befriended in Scotland.

I never made an investment that yielded so bountiful a return. Not for a week, but for a month, I was feted as I had never been before. I asked the earl why he had told me that he was next in line to a baronetcy instead of an earldom. He replied that he made a mistake in mentioning any title since it only made his story more improbable. I did not question him about his life previous to his cousin's death, and he did not refer to it. Evidently he had had a pretty hard time of it. It was probably no different from the fate of many British "younger sons" who, the estate being entailed, are obliged to shift for themselves.

When I left him he had the delicacy to make no reference to the small sums I had expended for and loaned him. What I accepted from him would have made its repayment objectionable.

BRUCE PARKER.

**DEWEYS
QUIT HOUSE**

Given to Them by the People

TO RENT THE PLACE

While They Will Move Into the More Elegant House Belonging to Mrs. Dewey on K Street.

Washington, March 26.—Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey are leaving the home on Rhode Island Avenue presented to them by the contributions of the American people, and will live at 1,601 K street, the former home of Mrs. Dewey.

Since her marriage to Admiral Dewey the K street house has been leased to



Photo copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Adams. ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

Senator Alger, first, and later to Secretary Hitchcock. Workmen labored last night and today making repairs.

Mrs. Dewey's home in K street is magnificently furnished, and it is said that the Rhode Island avenue place will be leased furnished.

The K street house was the home of Mrs. Dewey during the lifetime of her first husband, Gen. Hazen of the signal corps of the army. Mrs. Dewey is said to be responsible for the abandonment of the Rhode Island avenue house. Her K street house is much nearer the residence of her mother, and she likes the location better.

The popular subscription to buy Admiral Dewey a home reached \$21,200, and he selected the house formerly occupied by James E. Fitch at 1,747 Rhode Island avenue.

Shortly after his marriage Admiral Dewey took possession of the house, which he deeded to his wife as a wedding gift. There was some adverse comment regarding the transfer of the property, and Admiral Dewey was deeply hurt by the criticism.

A Robin's Chirrup.

A miner, accompanied by his mate, who was rather deaf, was walking along the railway line the other day near Motherwell. A train approached and on hearing the man it gave forth an ear-splitting shriek. A smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"Man," he said, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring."—Tit-Bits.

How Would You Like Be—

Out in the meadows, green and sweet, With the wild March violets at your feet—

Where you hear the heart o' the whole world beat

Out in the springtime meadows?

Out in the meadows, in dawn and dew, Where the breeze blows balmy, and the birds sing true,

Under a beautiful sky of blue, Out in the springtime meadows?

Out in the meadows with singing streams—

Earth that brightens, and blooms and breathes—

Where you drift away to the dreams—the dreams,

Out in the springtime meadows?—Atlanta Constitution.

Protect the Little Ones

Mother, safeguard the children against the coughs and colds incidental to winter with

Honey of Horehound and Tar

The children like its flavor and it cures them of Colds, Coughs, Sore Throats, and affections of throat and lungs. Ask your druggist and accept no substitutes.

File's Toothache Drops cure in one minute



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME.

A SON TO SENATOR CRANE.

Congratulations Are Received From Friends.

Washington, March 26.—In announcing the birth of a son on Saturday evening to Senator and Mrs. Winthrop Murray Crane, the Washington Post of today says: "Senator and Mrs. Winthrop Murray Crane are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, which occurred Saturday night at their home, 1,721 Rhode Island avenue. The wedding of Senator Crane of Massachusetts and Miss Josephine Porter Boardman daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman of this city, was celebrated early last summer at the Boardman country place, 'Windyhill,' Manchester-by-the-Sea, and was one of the chief social events of the summer. The popularity and prominence of both bride and bridegroom made their romance one of unusual interest to society."

THEIR "TEDDIES" LOST.

A Valiant Mongrel Tears Two Teddy Bears to Pieces.

The Misses Clarissa and Ethel Payne, aged four and six years, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Payne, of Broad and Cambria streets, cried themselves into hysterics yesterday over the loss of their two brown Roosevelt bears, received as presents last Christmas. While playing on the front porch, little Ethel dropped her Teddy on the pavement just as a stray dog was passing. In a jiffy the dog seized the supposed cub and shook it to pieces in short order. Clarissa, to save the stuffed animal, ran out on the pavement with her Teddy in her hand. Thinking the woods were full of game, the dog soon had the second brown torn to pieces, and, after licking his chops, trotted off leisurely down the street, evidently proud in the belief that he had saved the lives of two little girls. —Philadelphia Record.

Human Beasts.

There is no season of the year so cursed (or blessed) by reigning Fate

But that we have before us here Some animal to contemplate.

The shark appears at every turn; To banish him is hopeless, quite.

To dodge his gleaming teeth we yearn, But rarely pass without a bite.

The Monkey grins with vacuous leer On every corner of the street;

The Hog will oftentimes appear Upon the trolley's crowded seat.

The Lobster dwells in every land; From him, alas, we can't escape!

The Elephant is near at hand— A night in town reveals his shape.

The Ostrich hides his human head At every startling expose;

The Peacock's gaudy tail is spread Most any evening at the play.

The omnipresent "Bird" is found In every haunt of human kind;

And though days oftentimes abound, The Magpie frequently we find.

The Lion stalks in "scare head" type Until another takes his place;

We know full well the Tiger's stripe, Although mayhap he hides his face.

And coming oft before our eyes Strange, unnamed creatures make us think

That 'twould be hardly a surprise Thus to behold the "Missing Link." —Brooklyn Life.

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TURKISH CIGARETTES

If you didn't like most of the cigarettes you have tried, quite likely it was because they were either too strong or too mild for you. Try RAMLEH Cigarettes.

You'll find the RAMLEH has the real tobacco "taste"—just what all smokers want—yet it is not too heavy and does not tire. Neither is it too mild.

Smokers who have tried them say RAMLEH Cigarettes are "just right"—you'll surely say so too, after you try a few. Get a box to-day.

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**ARMY COWED
BY PEASANTS**

"Let us go," pleaded the pickpocket. "This is my first offence."

"Yes," replied the pedestrian, placing his wallet back in his pocket. "I noticed that you were just getting your hand in."—Harper's Weekly.

Quadruplets.

Aseum—Is it true there are quadruplets at Luchman's house?

Newitt—No; only twins. Luchman started that rumor because he didn't see them until after he had celebrated their advent.—Philadelphia Press.

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